THE New Republic

The Luxury Of Illness

Editorial

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Labor's Political Power

Fourth in a Series on "The State of the Unions"

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EDUCATION FOR AN ELITE

T. J. Ross on Barzun's "House of Intellect"

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Washington Wire

Accommodating Democrats

THIS COLUMN has felt for some time that the Democrats will lose the 1960 election unless their leadership alters its present course in Congress. The Congressional voice of Lyndon Johnson and Sam Rayburn is not the voice of the national party. It is the voice of accommodation and compromise with the conservative South, and more particularly with the old gentlemen who, by seniority, are the chairmen of the Congressional committees.

The break has been coming closer and now it has all but arrived. Democratic National Chairman Paul Butler says that Messrs. Johnson and Rayburn, whom he does not actually name, are steering too conservative a course.

It should be remembered that Eisenhower launched his emotional attack against "spenders" and inflation before the November election and that in spite of it Democrats won a smashing 2-to-1 victory. To the consternation of liberals, Messrs. Johnson and Rayburn listened more and more to the conservatives in Congress and took a bizarre position of trying to compete with the delighted White House on its own ground of so-called "economic responsibility," *i.e.,* budget contraction and repressive fiscal policies.

What should be remembered is that the representatives of the one-party South do not care particularly whether the Democrats win in 1960 or not. This is not true of Johnson-Rayburn, but it is true of the Byrds and Eastlands who will remain either chairmen or ranking minority members of their committee satrapies anyway.

Messrs. Johnson and Rayburn are superb technical craftsmen, but they are out of touch with their party and the times. On July 2 Speaker Rayburn, for example, denounced the press for not telling the public more about the "economies" Democrats in Congress are making. What in the world does Rayburn think? How can the Democrats possibly win a propaganda contest by pursuing a "me-too" attitude toward Eisenhower? That a victorious party should take this negative attitude seems incredible or that the conservative press would give it more than hypocritical approval.

Recession Ahead

IT IS NOT as though the Democrats had no issues. The most conspicuous is the American economy itself. Right at the moment Eisenhower is setting the stage for another recession (it will be his third) for the end of 1960. Contractionist Treasury policies—tight money on one hand and cutting the budget on the other—produced recessions in 1953-54 and 1957-58. Now we are in the boom between recessions, just as we were in 1955. At that time the Conference on Economic Progress accurately predicted what was coming. The Treasury said "Tut, tut!" But CEP was right. Now in a new report ("Inflation: Cause & Cure," 50c, CEP, 1001 Connecticut Avenue, Washington) it flashes the warning again.

Leon Keyserling, chief economic adviser under President Truman, explained the thing statistically in launching the pamphlet. The point can't be made too often. The nation's economic growth normally averages about 4 percent a year. (The Rockefeller Report thought 5 percent was readily possible.) The Soviet climb is 8 to 10 percent a year. But the Eisenhower phobia against inflation has throttled the economy down to a miserable average rate of progress of 1.3 percent. Temporarily, it is true, growth has shot up to an annual rate of 8 percent, just as it tended to do in the 1955 boom. But already the tight money brakes and the budget retrenchments are slowing things down. We should be back to the old recession crawl again by 1960.

If Rayburn wants to complain about the papers he can complain about their muted reception of the sickening Eisenhower $13 billion deficit. Suppose that had been a Truman deficit! We have done a little figuring and find that the Eisenhower *deficit* is almost half the size of the entire first Roosevelt *budget*—whose size gave the New Deal such a reputation for extravagance.

The Democratic-White House relationship comes to a climax this week with the President's expected veto of the $1.4 billion housing bill. This is a show-down case. It is peculiarly a measure to aid cities, where two-thirds of modern America lives—with housing for the elderly, the poor, slum clearance, urban renewal and the like. Here, if anywhere, city Democrats must make a stand.

As we explained last week, the accommodating Johnson-Rayburn leadership attempted to "veto-proof" the bill to placate the White House. They brought out a "compromise" housing version from conference that was actually smaller than either of the two original House and Senate bills. They groveled before the threat of a veto. What becomes of the Rayburn-Johnson policy of appeasement if the President now spurns it?

Drive Carefully

OVER THE FOURTH we listened to the usual ghoulish radio and TV reports of the automobile fatalities. This has come to be standard masochistic practice on US holidays. First, a total is predicted and then announcers eagerly try to meet the quota. Ostensibly this is supposed to frighten people into caution. Nonsense! We think there is a complex of other reasons. First, the figures are inflated—(a lot of the accidents have nothing to do with driving, and a lot more have nothing to do with the holiday.) Second, people enjoy hearing about the smash-ups of other people; nothing is so relaxing on a long, quiet afternoon in a hammock. Thirdly and most important, the average writer is off loafing on the holiday and this is a made-to-order story for the office boy that only requires simple addition while the people who can read without moving their lips are away. You can note the relish of the chap on duty (who wanted to take that trip to Palm Beach) as he reels off what is happening to the lucky stiffs who did make the break.

T.R.B.

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declared that though private resources should be mustered to maximum capacity, "it is conceivable" that social security funds "may be necessary ultimately." The American Nurses Association favors the Forand bill.

The plans to which the AMA has hitherto objected include some 200 health services which offer around 6 million people far more complete coverage than is available under most types of existing health insurance. Some of these are union-sponsored—the United Mine Workers' Welfare and Retirement Fund, the International Ladies Garment Workers' Union Sanatorium Association, the prospective Detroit Community Health Association used by the United Auto Workers. Others, like the Kaiser Foundation Health Plan, got their start from industry. Still others, like the Health Insurance Plan of Greater New York, began as a service for municipal employees when La Guardia was mayor. Since some of these are open to retired as well as current employees, the AMA's shift in attitude is pertinent to the current discussion and shows a willingness to consider new forms of provision of medical care—short of a compulsory federal program.

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Similar willingness to go some lengths to forestall a legislated program has likewise been shown by the insurance companies. The argument advanced by these companies, and by the Health Insurance Association of America which represents about 80 percent of the business, is that private insurance has advanced so rapidly in numbers of subscribers during the last few years that given a little more time it can do most of the job. The number of persons 65 and over with some form of health insurance went from 25 percent of 12.7 million people in 1952 to 40 percent of 15⅓ million people in 1958, and while this compares somewhat lamely with the figures for the general population—the total of Americans covered for hospitalization went from 91 million in 1952 to 121 million in 1957, and those covered for surgical costs rose from 73 million to 109 million—the forecast is that partial hospitalization coverage for the aged might get up to 70 percent by 1965. A number of private companies are liberalizing the benefits they offer to older persons. Continental Casualty Company has instituted a "65 Plus" plan in several states which does not require a prior medical examination, can be cancelled only for non-payment of premiums, covers illness contracted before the policy was taken out; the $6.50 per month premium entitles the policy holder to $10 a day toward hospital expenses up to 31 days, and a maximum of $200 in surgical costs.

The erosion of resistance to public plans that appears on the part of insurance groups, profit or non-profit, may reflect some of the problems of writing coverage for older persons. The selling of insurance to this group is costly; the turnover, resulting from limited life expectancy, is much higher than for the population as a whole. Moreover, the greater incidence of illness among those over 65 raises prickly problems about rates. If the higher cost of carrying older risks is pro-rated among all people carrying health insurance, general rates rise. If it is confined to over-65 subscribers, their premiums become noticeably expensive. These problems affect the relations between commercial and non-profit plans: in general, commercial plans use specific experience ratings, while non-profit plans use over-all community ratings; the commercial companies tend to pick off the better risks, the non-profit plans to carry their older subscribers on the shoulders of the younger ones.

One of the main arguments in favor of the technique proposed by the Forand bill for a public plan is the small addition to administrative procedure and expense that would be required if, as the bill proposes, hospitalization benefits were integrated into the existing social security system. Currently, some 10.9 million Americans are eligible for social security (including those who do not draw benefits because they prefer to continue working). For them, the bill would provide hospitalization up to 60 days, with all bills covered except the attending doctor's; if the case were surgical, the surgeon's bill would be covered as well. Nursing home care, on discharge from the hospital, would be covered for a combined total of hospital and nursing home stay of not more than 120 days a year.

It is estimated that the bill would cost about $1 billion in 1960: $865.2 million for hospitalization, $15 million for nursing home care, and $170 million for surgical benefits, which would include dental as well as other forms of surgery. The additional payroll tax on earnings of up to $4,800 a year necessary to cover these costs would work out at about one-half of one percent, with employer and employee making equal contributions in raising it.

With Mr. Mills in the chair at the House hearings, and with any bill which the Ways and Means Committee might report out destined to further scrutiny under the hostile chairmanship of Sen. Harry Flood Byrd in the Senate Finance Committee, action on the Forand bill is likely to be less than precipitate. In his speech to this year's AMA convention, President Eisenhower's comment that "if the time ever comes when large numbers of our citizens turn primarily to the government for assistance in what ought to remain a private arrangement between doctor and patient, then we shall all have suffered a great loss" likewise raises questions as to the treatment such a bill might expect at the Executive end of Pennsylvania Avenue. But more friendly sources—such as the AFL-CIO—expect to give the measure a good try now, and rely on its electoral glamor for further progress next year.

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Investment or Exploitation

THE ROLE of rich uncle is an exacting one. To give without giving offense is one of the most difficult problems in human relationships, and to give with the intention of taking away is calculated to produce tensions that should, in the interests of both borrower and lender, be anticipated and prepared for well in advance. In the case of private US business ventures abroad, as the United States has discovered in the past, what begins as mutually advantageous investment tends to become regarded in time as exploitation. In its dual international capacity as public donor and shrewd investor, and in two countries well disposed toward Washington, the United States is again confronted with the incipience of these two problems.

Late in April, Malaya and the Development Loan Fund signed an agreement for two loans, each of $10 million, for port and road development projects. The interest rate and other terms were generally favorable, but what stuck in the Malayan gullet was the clause in the agreement that the roads and bridges would carry emblems with the words "built with United States cooperation and assistance." That Malaya would benefit from both projects was nowhere denied. But for Malaya to be obliged, publicly and forever, to display its mendicant status brought an immediate outcry. "Malaya borrowed millions from Britain for development work in the past and no signboards were erected notifying the people and foreign visitors that the projects were successfully carried out through British assistance and generosity," a letter to the *Straits Times* complained. "I wonder who gave the Americans the bright idea of having Malaya's acknowledgments painted on plaques at our street corners." A columnist in the same paper said that America deserved gratitude for lending Malaya money she so badly needed, but added, "None of the comments I have heard in the past few days suggest that she will get her deserts."

A second storm has broken out, this time in Australia, with the publication of the accounts of General Motors-Holden's Ltd. From an original postwar investment in Australia of only $4 million, the parent company in Detroit will receive this year more than $16 million, while the profit of $34 million, equalling a rate of 874 percent on ordinary capital, is the highest ever earned by any company in Australia. Of this cornucopia, Australians, who hold only 6 percent preference stock, will receive $39,000.

Since it began production in 1949 of the Holden, a sturdy and dependable automobile that is neither small nor large and specifically designed for Australian conditions, General Motors-Holden's has virtually captured the Australian market. It now produces 47 percent of all automobiles sold in Australia: Ford, 14 percent, and Volkswagen, 7 percent, are its nearest competitors. Directly and indirectly the company has contributed substantially to the Australian economic breakthrough; and, apart from providing employment for 18,512 Australians, it paid last year an estimated $90 million to Australia's revenue in the form of customs duties and other taxes.

Yet Australians, of all political persuasions, are now gravely concerned with General Motors-Holden's activities. The left-wing is irate with what the deputy leader of the Labour Party describes as its "ruthless preoccupation with profit-making," and the right-wing is annoyed by the lack of opportunity for the Australian investor to get anything but a thin, preferred stock slice of the melon. Economists are also worried because of the eventual effect that this and similar American investment will have on Australia's sometimes precarious balance-of-payments position.

This year the company attempted to meet criticism in advance by the publication of a report extolling the benefits to Australia of General Motors-Holden's. The report did little to discourage criticism. On the contrary, it aroused speculation that the American parent company had considered, and rejected, Australian participation in the ordinary capital of the company, and revived some hostility against other American investment in Australia, such as National Dairy, which came in for strong criticism for its acquisition of the Australian holding in Kraft, and International Harvester, which, since it has no Australian shareholders, does not publish a balance sheet covering the activities of its well-heeled Australian subsidiary.

It is strongly felt in Australia that gratitude for the good things provided through the expansion of industry and employment ought to be matched against the obvious intention of American companies to take advantage of Australian conditions and markets. This feeling is expressed at the moment only in the annual outcrop of protests against the GM-H profit, which many Australians regard as excessive and in which, the preference stockholders excepted, none shares. But the seeds of irritation are deeply rooted and will surely send up nationalistic and nationalization sprouts if this, and other, American companies persist in the policy of rejecting local partners.

Negro Ambassadors

THE REACTION of the Guinean Government to the appointment late last month of a reportedly able but little-known American Negro educator as the first US Ambassador to the new West African regime is reported by visitors in Conakry to have been one of disappointment mixed with resentment. This response is no reflec-

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tion on the appointee, Dr. John Howard Morrow, who is known to Guineans as a respected member of the faculty at North Carolina College, with considerable scholarly knowledge of Africa and African problems. Why, then, did this appointment—which the State Department conceived in good faith as a friendly gesture—fall short of its purpose?

The newly-independent governments of Africa are profoundly anxious for acceptance as full-fledged nations and are extremely sensitive to any treatment which, even inferentially, seems to suggest racial bias or condescension. If, their questioning goes, the Negro is still a minor political factor in the United States, what exactly does it mean to have a Negro American diplomat, particularly a non-career one, as their principal means of communication with the highly political capital of Washington?

The Guineans conclude that the new Ambassador was selected, not primarily with the needs of the Guinean situation in mind, but because it was expedient in this pre-election year to increase the number of Negro political appointees in ambassadorial ranks, and Conakry was open. It has not escaped them that Washington has never sent a Negro chief-of-mission to other than a Negro country.

Sékou Touré's regime, which is making the strongest effort to have its case for urgently needed economic assistance heard in Washington, is deeply concerned whether a Negro educator whose major teaching experience has been in segregated Southern school will be able to carry much weight in the almost exclusively white hierarchy of the State Department. Out of similar doubts, President Tubman of Liberia largely bypasses the Negro American Ambassador in his capital on important matters, deals with the State Department almost entirely through his Ambassador to Washington.

The answer to this problem of discrimination in reverse is not easy. But it would appear that until we have advanced the position of the Negro in American society, it will be of dubious value to send as high diplomatic officials abroad Negro leaders who have not established themselves in other than American Negro circles. This general rule applies equally to other minority status groups: a woman Ambassador, for example, must have established an outstanding reputation in equal competition with men in a field usually monopolized by men if she is to be taken seriously as an envoy abroad. African nations, for the present, will accept an American white person of average competence with a shrug, but will view the appointment of a Negro envoy with less than heroic talents as a national affront. In the Guinean case, the unwitting comment in a newspaper tribute to Dr. Morrow that the French Embassy had recommended his appointment will confirm all suspicions.

How Many Is Too Many?

MORE THAN 10,000 members of the National Education Association have just met in St. Louis—another 740,000 were too poor, too busy or too indifferent to attend—for their annual convention. The big news of the opening day was the allocation of $50,000 for "a long-range study of present educational programs to determine what changes are needed." According to NEA President Ruth Stout, the three-year study will "range from specifics to general philosophy," and will undertake "to define the purpose of education in our democracy."

Neither Miss Stout nor the other teachers at the convention probably seriously think that American teachers, much less their public, can agree on any meaningful statement about "the purpose of education in our democracy," if only because they cannot agree on what democracy is, or ought to be. But evidently they have been overly impressed by the common American faith that the way to resolve problems is to get down to first principles. Nothing could be further from the truth.

There is little agreement, for example, on the purpose of teaching high school students to write clear grammatical prose. Manpower specialists tell us that the purpose of literacy is to keep ahead of the Russians and to maintain prosperity. Newspaper editors warn that without voters who can read and write the nation could go Communist (or perhaps Fascist). College professors insist that the illiteracy of high school graduates is obstructing their efforts to transmit and diffuse our cultural heritage. And mental health experts report that without the mental leverage which literacy provides, young people are frustrated and insecure in our complex society.

Does it matter which of these people has his finger on the "real" purpose of education in a democracy? Each has a different concern, just as each no doubt has a different theory about how his concern could be implemented in the classroom. But all agree that illiteracy is bad, and all who have given any sustained thought to the matter also agree that the problem cannot be solved by teachers, be they "progressives" or "traditionalists," who must daily face 150-200 different students, and then return home exhausted to read as many papers.

Could we not then have a united front in opposition to illiteracy? Could we not, for example, join in pragmatic insistence that no English teacher ought to teach more than 100 students? If everybody agrees that this is desirable, why must action wait for agreement on why it is essential? If the school teachers would avoid attempts to "clarify the issues" by "getting down to first principles," they might help lay the ideological ghosts of progressivism and conservatism which now haunt every effort at concrete reform.

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Chancellor Adenauer Runs Amok

Bonn

ONE OF THE critics of Konrad Adenauer remarked the other day that the Chancellor had increasingly come to resemble a catch-as-catch-can wrestler in a free-for-all contest—laying about him with a will and with the deliberate intention of crippling everybody else in the ring. Enemy Number One is the British Government, Enemy Number Two is Professor Erhard, potential Enemy Number Three is Mr. Herter. The Federal Foreign Minister, Herr von Brentano, may well consider himself to be on the list. He could be made the scapegoat for the three failures (in Dr. Adenauer's eyes) of the Foreign Ministers at Geneva—lack of progress, lack of unity and lack of the firmness needed to force the Russians into making concessions. For Adenauer—contrary to everything that has been said by Herr von Brentano and the other Western Ministers—affects to believe that these three failures are all that has come out of Geneva.

It is still a question whether the Chancellor is not making so much out of the failure to achieve progress at Geneva (for that failure, at least, is a real one) merely in order to fortify his decision not to relinquish the leadership, or even to divert attention from his quarrel with Professor Erhard. In theory, that quarrel was resolved on June 23, when, under heavy pressure from his closest advisers—Dr. Pferdemenges, the Cologne banker and member of the Bundestag, and Herr Krone, the Chairman of the Christian Democratic Parliamentary Party—Dr. Adenauer eventually agreed to write Erhard a letter which paid tribute to his services to his government and expressed the desire for future cooperation with him. This letter was the least that Erhard could regard as satisfaction for the treatment meted out to him previously by the Chancellor; for he received no apology and no assurance that he will be regarded as successor-elect.

Adenauer hopes that the controversy will now be gradually forgotten and that Erhard's confidence and prestige will never recover from the shock-therapy which he applied to them. For while the Chancellor has now said openly that he intends to stay in office until 1962, his Christian Democratic Party is well aware that he will cast around for a new candidate for the succession in the meantime. With a startling candor, Adenauer told the Paris *Match* magazine that he would see that a man was appointed who would take his advice. His dream of "steering" government from retirement, or semi-retirement, has evidently remained intact.

One West German newspaper suggested that Adenauer had, mentally, "run amok." The first phase of this exercise comprised the controversy with Erhard and his bitter opposition to the wishes of the great majority of his party. But the second phase could turn out to be even more dangerous. On June 15, Adenauer began to give a series of interviews to newspapers and magazines which was cut short only by the providential return from Geneva of his Press Chief, Herr von Eckardt, on June 21. But in those six days the Chancellor gave five interviews, and he was making arrangements to give nine more. The gist of all of them—apart from the first—was the same: the Russians had driven a wedge between the Western Allies in Geneva, the British Government was isolating itself by insisting on a Summit conference "at all costs," Mr. Macmillan would have to recognize that he must "give up some of his ideas" in the general interest, and the death of Mr. Dulles had deprived the West of the one man who could have restored unity within its ranks. The implied slur on Mr. Herter was immediately noted by the West German press.

Fourteen interviews would presumably have done quite a bit more harm than five. But the five—as Herr von Eckardt quickly pointed out—had already done harm enough. The British Government was amazed. Herr von Brentano had, only a few days before, openly complimented the British Foreign Minister, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, on the big part which he had played in maintaining Western solidarity at Geneva. In other respects Adenauer's singling out of the British Government as a suitable object for his wrath came at a most inappropriate time. Trade between Britain and Germany had just reached a new peak; closer collaboration in the field of defense had been promised by the West German Government; the West German press had shown an unusual degree of appreciation for the British point of view at Geneva; a personal meeting between Macmillan and Adenauer was in prospect.

Moreover, the Chancellor's displeasure with the British Government was not shared by the Federal Foreign Office, the Federal Cabinet or the vast majority of the members of the Christian Democratic Party. It was not shared by German industrial leaders. The Chancellor's back-handed cut at Mr. Herter was regarded as equally ill-considered—although an isolated reflex-action. His remarks about Western disunity were felt likely to do only damage to the Western cause, and to make the task of the Foreign Ministers harder at the second Geneva Conference, opening on July 13. One, or even two interviews in which a statesman gives expression to frustration over his domestic-political difficulties and the everlasting division of his country, might have been thought understandable. But a potential 14—no!

What has happened to the Great, Old Man? Here are

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some thoughts which may shed a little light on a phase of the "Adenauer era" which has been erratic to the point of craziness.

The Chancellor has been obsessed for years by his doubts of British honesty. These doubts were given a sudden fillip by the production of an unfortunate British Foreign Office memorandum—on November 29—which was circulated to other Western Governments "for information only" and which suggested that some form of recognition of the East German Republic was inevitable. Dr. Adenauer would not understand that the British Government was not asking that steps should be taken to implement what was no more than the opinion of an Under-Secretary. He seized on the memorandum as an epic example of British bad faith. It has colored his views ever since.

Adenauer has no support worth mentioning for his doubts of British intentions (Herr von Brentano, for one, must know that the offending memorandum has probably been relegated to the dust-heap). Adenauer's implied slight of Mr. Herter had a different object. With John Foster Dulles gone, the Chancellor regards himself as the "elder statesman" of the Western alliance. He will imply no reproof of Mr. Herter, only a suggestion of inexperience which—in view of Mr. Herter's long record of State Department service—scarcely rings true. It may be that Adenauer's indiscretions are due most of all to an over-developed sense of mission, and an abiding certainty that no other German is capable of doing his job.

But all this has given rise to a fear that Adenauer is becoming politically senile. The brutal remark is being passed round that the Christian Democrats now only have one hope—that the bronchitis which nearly removed Adenauer for good and all last winter will settle his future in due course. It is an uncharitable hope and an unworthy reflection on his past achievements and present potentialities. It would, in any case, be wrong to write off the Chancellor after he has just reseated himself in the saddle with such undisputed emphasis. To do so might give fresh import to that myth that Germany's so-called friends are the best pleased of all over Germany's troubles. This is not so; the Western Powers want to see a stable German Government in power. And this hope must be made clear to Adenauer, plainly and persistently.

TERENCE PRITTIE

Expanding Europe's Free Trade Area

London

EVER SINCE the negotiations for a Free Trade Area broke down last autumn people have been worried that the Common Market of the six continental countries —France, West Germany, Italy, Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg—would split Western Europe into two hostile camps. British ministers uttered dark warnings about organizing reprisals against the trade discrimination which was bound to follow. Now experts from seven countries outside the Common Market have agreed in principle on the creation of a little Free Trade Area of their own. If the governments follow their advice, this month Britain, the three Scandinavian countries, Switzerland, Austria and Portugal will cut their tariffs against one another by one-fifth in July next year and continue with cuts of 10 percent a year for eight years from July, 1962, so that their internal barriers to trade are reduced *pari passu* with the internal barriers inside the Common Market. But unlike members of the Common Market, they will be free to maintain whatever tariffs and quotas they like regarding trade with third countries.

It is not certain that the governments will in fact embark on this experiment. Denmark in particular fears that the little Free Trade Area may cost her part of her agricultural exports to Germany, and is unlikely to take the risk unless Britain promises to make up for such losses by offering larger markets for her agricultural produce. (The little Free Trade Area is so far restricted to manufactured goods.) There is some strong opposition to the idea in Britain, too, particularly in industries like paper and watchmaking which are at present protected from Scandinavian and Swiss competition. But the British Government takes the view that a Free Trade Area of seven countries, though far inferior to one of 17, is a good thing in itself, and may increase the chances of later negotiation for some sort of merger with the Common Market.

The seven prospective members of the Free Trade Area have a gross national product three-fifths as large as the members of the Common Market, although their population is only one-half as large. On the other hand, their mutual trade is only 40 percent of the trade inside the Common Market: At present they have considerably more trade with the Common Market countries than with one another. Thus the creation of the little Free Trade Area would probably divert a good deal of trade from the Common Market countries; Britain, in particular, would gain at Germany's expense in Scandinavia, Switzerland and Austria.

When the little Free Trade Area was first discussed some months ago it was argued that this diversion of

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trade might stimulate Germany to press France into new negotiations for a comprehensive Free Trade Area. There is now much less emphasis on this argument—indeed the little Free Trade Area is now presented as a project complementary, not competitive, to the Common Market. For example, its tariff reductions, instead of racing ahead of those in the Common Market, are to keep pace exactly so that a merger would be easy to organize at any stage.

This is a wise shift in emphasis, for experience suggests that external pressure is more likely to unite the Common Market Six than to divide them. It is true that France alone was responsible for the breakdown of the Free Trade Area negotiations last year—all her partners in the Common Market were prepared to compromise along the lines that Britain wanted. But since the Common Market came into operation on January 1, France has proved loyal to her economic commitments under the treaty. With few exceptions she has not sought to escape from the obligations to reduce her tariffs and quotas. Moreover, her economy is now much stronger than it was a year ago. As a result a new pattern of trade is being established in the Common Market countries. Many of the big firms have already made market-sharing agreements across national frontiers and have committed themselves to long-term investments on that basis. They will be very reluctant to disturb such programs by forcing France to enlarge the area at this stage.

On the other hand, some of the original British objections to joining the Common Market have lost force. Britain has always opposed any federal link with Western Europe. But the de Gaulle regime has made it clear that it is not interested at all in the political aims of the Common Market—it has no intention of limiting its national sovereignty in any sort of federation. And the economic institutions of the Common Market are now operating on inter-governmental rather than supranational lines. Even the Coal and Steel Community which was set up on federalistic lines about 10 years ago has just failed at its first real test as a supranational authority. The dislocations caused by the European coal surplus this spring were finally dealt with separately by the national governments concerned, with the High Authority standing helpless on the side-lines. Thus in theory it should not be difficult to find a constitutional compromise which would enable Britain and the other European states to associate closely with the Common Market, whether the resulting organization is called a Free Trade Area or not.

THE REAL obstacle to the restoration of Western Europe's economic unity is not so much the commercial issues involved but the profound split between Britain and France on the major problems facing the Western alliance as a whole, which has helped to produce the formidable partnership between Adenauer and de Gaulle. It has been remarked that whereas the Common Market was originally seen as an economic instrument for bringing Germany and France together, in fact it is now the political congruence of French and German interests which is keeping the Common Market going.

Of course this unusual marriage of convenience could be dissolved at any moment—it is not likely to survive Adenauer's loss of control over his party. But even if the existing political obstacles to any agreement between the Six and the Seven are overcome, the task of reconciling new patterns of interest created by the operation of two separate commercial systems will be a difficult one. And a growing number of people both in the Common Market and outside are beginning to feel that the real problem is one which cannot be solved in a purely European framework in any case.

Europe has never been a natural economic unit. Its cooperation since the war was primarily the product of a general dollar shortage and the historical accident that the US Government was prepared to permit discrimination against the dollar only in the context of a move toward European integration. Now that the dollar shortage, not gone for good, is no longer the first concern of most European governments, there is a growing feeling that economic cooperation throughout the free world as a whole should be the main aim, and that some forms of European economic cooperation may actively damage the chances of success in the wider field. Indeed, because of her Commonwealth connections, Britain always saw this as a serious objection to the Common Market.

Some British experts, notably the Conservative ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, Peter Thorneycroft, have proposed to open negotiations with the Common Market for the creation of an international economic system which would include the whole of the Commonwealth as well as Western Europe. But most of the Commonwealth countries are mainly concerned to increase the market for agricultural products in which they compete with Continental Europe; there is little chance that the Common Market countries would agree to this. A more hopeful approach may be through the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. There have been proposals in the US, for instance, for a 20 percent cut in all tariffs throughout the world. Any movement along these lines would make the current conflict between the Six and Seven in Europe appear much less important. But it is highly unlikely that anything so dramatic as Douglas Dillon seemed to suggest is within the realms of practical possibility.

Nevertheless, it is a good thing that economists and politicians are at last apprised of the truth that in the Free World prosperity is indivisible, and that if Europe attempts to solve its problems separately from Africa and Asia, or even at their expense, the resulting instability will have evil consequences for which marginal gains in Europe cannot compensate.

DENIS HEALEY, M.P.

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THE STATE OF THE UNIONS—IV

Labor's Political Power

by WARNER BLOOMBERG, JR., JOEL SEIDMAN, VICTOR HOFFMANN

When Walter Reuther proposed a "march of the unemployed on Washington" to the AFL-CIO council meeting in Puerto Rico in the spring of 1959, George Meany appeared at first to reject the proposal out of hand. And this gave rise to new speculation that a cleavage along old AFL versus CIO lines might develop, for it was well known that Reuther and Meany do not agree on how labor should play its part in politics, especially in the politics of the coming Presidential election.

Meany is understood to prefer continuing but not extending organized labor's involvement in party conventions. But Reuther, who once argued that neither of the major parties was a serviceable vehicle for labor's political aspirations, has for the first time accepted an appointment to the labor advisory committee of the National Democratic Advisory Council. He not only wants much more labor participation in the Democratic convention, but he is willing to have labor's weight thrown into the always dangerous primaries.

The "issue" at the meeting in Puerto Rico was settled by a rather handy compromise. The "march" was abandoned but a massing in Washington of delegates from areas affected by unemployment, many of them actually unemployed union members, held meetings and buttonholed Representatives and Senators. The disagreement between Reuther and Meany was, in this instance, over the appropriate "style" for lobbying tactics rather than over the basic necessity for political action. And by the time the "march" was held, an economic upswing with its accompanying alteration of national mood was already transforming unemployment from "*the* issue" into "*an* issue."

Up on top, the merger has worked out quite well with respect to political action. Cooperation here between the two federations had already begun even before formal unification in 1955. The passage of the Taft-Hartley Act in 1947 helped convince many AFL leaders that their collective bargaining position, even the legal basis of the AFL's existence, was in danger and that vigorous political activity was essential for self-protection. And the CIO, especially after the expulsion of allegedly Communist-dominated unions, was no longer looked upon by conservative unionists as the tool of political radicalism.

But in the hinterlands of unionism many differences of opinion on how to play the political game still remain. A noticeable number of AFL leaders, especially in the craft unions, wish that labor could win most of its goals by collective bargaining accompanied by minimum legislation dealing with the needs of particular unions. They reject the prominence given to broadly social liberal legislation by former CIO unions, arguing that proposals "for the welfare of the general community" may be divisive, may divert attention and interest from simple trade unionism and simple labor goals for which they believe unions basically exist. One AFL official states quite emphatically that the CIO people have usually "been too big for their pants," have tried "to grow out of labor's clothing." Another business agent in an industrial city argues that "the CIO is really a big baby in three-cornered pants as far as this labor and politics business goes, but they are always trying to represent the labor people in the community." Before the ascendancy of CIO unions in local politics, this business agent had access to city hall and the county court-house and could command a sympathetic hearing for his particular union —whoever was in office. Shortly after the "shotgun" marriage of the AFL and the CIO in Indiana, an AFL leader from conservative "downstate" exclaimed hotly that "these CIO bums are always messing around in things that don't belong to them. They try to run everything."

CIO representatives also have their gripes. The CIO had long been used to centralized political direction, with national unions and their affiliated locals collecting funds to be sent to a political headquarters and spent under its direction. Many of the old AFL groups, on the other hand, are accustomed to raising *and* spending their own money, with the consequent complaint in CIO circles that, with only half the size of the former AFL membership, the CIO contributes most to the budget of the merged Federation's political arm, the Committee on Political Education (COPE).

Generally speaking, energetic local political activity—

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THIS IS the fourth of a series of articles examining the American labor movement since the merger.

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getting people registered to vote and seeing that they make the polling place on election day—means a heavy "CIO influence" in an area, plus in some cases the presence of one or more of the more "progressive" former AFL unions. (The ILGWU, for example, which takes politics seriously, in 1958 had a force of 50 employees working for two months simply to check the registration of its 200,000 members in New York City and to provide a breakdown of that membership by assembly districts.)

Outside attacks on labor have, however, narrowed considerably the old gap between local AFL and CIO groups. Some shifts in voting by building trades and some other AFL people in the 1958 elections may well have resulted from the decision by the NLRB a year ago that it would allow no further exemptions to the Taft-Hartley ban on closed shop arrangements, such as had been conveniently contrived with a diplomatic disregard for the actual lack of flexibility of the law on this point. And especially in many of the states where so-called "right-to-work" laws were threatening, cooperation between the two wings of the "new house of labor" (some seem to consider it a duplex) has been extensive.

In 1958, Ohio provided an important example of this cooperation, developed through the United Organized Labor of Ohio, Inc., which preceded the merger in that state. The primary purpose of this group was to defeat in referendum a "right-to-work" proposal. A professional staff at the top stimulated and in a loose way coordinated the efforts of member unions, though these were allowed to develop their own campaigns in large part as they wished. Hundreds of rallies were held in local meeting halls, with speakers provided by the state organization. (It also sometimes made available a musical combo that doubled in brass for comedy relief and post-meeting dance music.) The sponsoring local organizations bought and brought the beer and sandwiches.

Hundreds of thousands of colorful, brief, well-designed pamphlets were distributed, quoting support for the union shop from such diverse sources as Samuel Gompers, Sen. Robert Taft, all kinds of newspapers, a number of "big businessmen" and some leading clergymen. Speakers referred with telling effect to the opposition of "the leaders from your own faith" to the "right-to-work" proposal ("RTW" in union jargon). An especially popular pamphlet quoted more than a dozen Protestant, Catholic and Jewish clergy (Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver of Cleveland, and the six Catholic Bishops of Ohio). Running scared, the Ohio unionists never anticipated their sweeping triumph. But their campaign, while pitched at the beer level, was a sophisticated as well as enthusiastic enterprise.

Ohio also saw a demonstration of the kind of distaff participation in politics being promoted by the new women's division of COPE. In Hamilton, Butler County, 36 women supplied 5,798 hours and five minutes of carefully recorded volunteer time—knocking on the doors of 9,528 homes, making 6,709 telephone calls, and distributing 41,360 pieces of literature. Not surprisingly, they believe they made a major contribution to the overwhelming defeat of RTW in their district and the equally overwhelming victory of the labor-endorsed Congressional candidate.

This women's politicking has relevance to the internal life of the unions in the future. Women have only slowly emerged from a minority status, especially in CIO unions. A staff man in a formerly CIO union's national office reports his surprise at "the prestige and status given to women" at a conference of Western AFL central labor union bodies that he attended. Another finds that in many plants women have become the "most militant members," partly because they want to "be active as equals—while the men want mainly to get them out of their hair."

Never Underestimate . . .

WOMEN have brought an awesome amount of energy into politics. Esther Murray, who evangelizes for COPE on behalf of women's contributions to politicking, seeks to establish throughout her territory—the eastern half of the United States—permanent women's auxiliaries to the local central labor bodies. Such groups of women would keep files and activity going between elections. The biggest obstacle she faces, it would appear, is "the incredible male ego."

There are other not so immediately visible political differences among unionists besides this "battle of the sexes." Unions like the building trades, whose economic interests (in the writing of construction codes, for example) depend more on local than national politics, tend

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to take on whichever political coloration is dominant in their home communities. Unions of government employees, whose basic salary levels, fringe benefits, and other conditions of employment are determined by legislation, are likely to look first at the voting records or the promises of candidates that affect *them* as employees. Railroad workers have traditionally been more interested in a candidate's stand on particular railroad legislation than in larger social issues, while other unions naturally show less special concern for laws pertaining to "full crews," "route continuance" and "clearance regulations."

But the biggest single difference in labor politicking has been that between unionists in industrial centers and those in the smaller cities and towns with a residual rural Republican orientation. In states just leaving the rural condition but, like Lot's wife, ever looking back, when the political program of labor moves to a consideration of social legislation, many workingmen fall into traditionally conservative voting habits, reflecting the lingering environment of agrarian isolationism and anti-welfare statism. Workers in these areas, including union leaders, may reject outright the idea of their associations being political in any form. Bruce Peters, business agent in Fremont, Nebraska, for the Hormel Meat Packers (formerly AFL), will freely admit that

> labor has been lax in our state and our territory and has not really done much in politics. Some of us started checking our registrations in our locals and discovered that in some of them only 18 percent of the members were registered to vote.

Voluntary dollar contributions for political action "are hard to come by." Many industrial workers are recently off the farm in such states. Some still come in each day from the farm, just to "back up the profits from the old homestead," as a relatively rare bird in that state, a Democratic small businessman, puts it. "Labor's get-out-the-vote campaigns in big industrial areas assume a heavier Democratic vote," he adds, "but out here you just might be digging out more Republicans."

An international staff man for a formerly CIO industrial union with locals scattered through middle-sized and smaller industrial cities in Indiana reports that it has been their "worst state." Their biggest Indiana local, north of Indianapolis, might have enough power to decide the Congressional election in its district, and certainly could control the election for state Senator and Representative. But its officers have in the past told the International leadership that "we're all Republicans out here and don't need any propaganda on issues." Staff members were not allowed even to speak to the membership.

Local officers did hazard the guess that one of the top three international officers could come in and talk—although they doubted if the members would sit still for *political* speeches. "At one time they'd have torn an international representative limb from limb if he came in and tried to talk on COPE. But now there are some signs of change, at long last, and he can at least talk to them about 'right-to-work' and *lead* into COPE and politics from there. Half our locals in Indiana are like this!"

With some important exceptions, most of the places outside centers of concentrated union strength looked a great deal like three Congressional districts with which we gained a measure of personal and vicarious familiarity: the third district in Nebraska, where in 1958 Democrat Larry Brook defeated incumbent Republican Robert Harrison; the second in Indiana where "old warhorse" Charles Halleck, who helps run the Republicans in the House, was re-elected by a close margin; and the third in Michigan where Republican August Johansen was returned to his seat in Congress.

The Fruits of Friendship

IN THESE districts candidates did not stand in line for COPE endorsement. Democrats frankly let it be known that too outspoken support from labor might hurt their chances, and they toned down their pro-labor appeals. Actual financial help to "friends of labor" was quite small. At the same time the rumors flew thick and fast that they were receiving thousands of dollars from unions.

A candidate in one of these districts complains with some bitterness that "labor leaders in my state and district, from top to bottom, both implied and openly promised us a great deal of support, financial and otherwise. But they never did pay off." He contends that labor will "pay off" in the sure and safe districts or in the marginal areas where they seem to have a good chance, but not where the going is roughest. "You'll see plenty of activity and financial aid on the part of labor where the vote is already in. But," he concludes, "they do not build friendships where we need them and where they will need them."

A county candidate did a slow burn after a labor meeting where support "for liberals" was promised: "Promises! Talk! I can't do much from the courthouse about the right-to-work laws or their damned Taft-Hartley, so they don't really care what happens to me."

In the farm sections and in the towns and small cities of these three Congressional districts the old rural suspicions of the labor movement persist, perhaps a little diminished in strength. People accustomed to the intimate kinship and friendship of smaller communities cannot understand the rational calculation and manipulation employed by labor leaders in collective bargaining, picketing, strikes, and political action. (Many of them are also antagonistic to "big business" and "Eastern money," but these are not as visible as are the unions.)

To many farmers, unions are part of a city life still viewed in terms of corruption, violence, thievery, athe-

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ism, divorce, prostitution, gambling and "Jewish financiers." Many of these counties still tend to be largely Protestant, to foster white supremacy doctrines, to preach states' rights on everything except agricultural issues, and to equate "Americanism" with the rural virtues. Even union members scattered throughout the conventional crafts and in whatever factories dot the landscape and help sustain the towns, seem little excited over RTW, supplemental unemployment benefits and other issues that stir organized workers in the industrial centers. Symbolic of their attitudes are the often-repeated assertions that "we don't believe in strikes."

Answering the Slanders

BAFFLED and frustrated by the attitudes of many of their own members, union leaders from the higher echelons who try to "get things going" in such districts may resort to an ever more strident and ineffective rhetoric. In its strongholds, organized labor reacted fairly calmly to the 1958 campaign of vilification engaged in by many political representatives of anti-labor business and industrial interests, finally having learned that registration drives net more votes than epithets (not that they had abandoned the latter!). But in the resistant hinterlands, anti-labor slanders were answered in kind in 1958 and with considerable interest, more often producing antagonism among listeners rather than inspiration or a change of heart.

For example, was a vote for the Democrats labeled a step toward turning the country over to Walter Reuther and Jimmy Hoffa? In reply, labor asserted that a vote for the Republicans would strengthen those "economic royalists" who wanted only to "sell down the river the helpless host of downtrodden labor" (who had come to the mass meeting largely in new and recent model cars). Was it charged that the "right-to-work" laws would save workers from the "dictatorship of labor goons"? The answering shout was that their passage would be a big step toward an American version of "the Nazism of Hitler, the Fascism of a Mussolini, or the Communism of a Stalin!" If the Republicans cited the allegations of the McClellan Committee, labor orators replied by announcing that "C of C" stood for Cult of Corruption as well as Chamber of Commerce, though the local Chamber in these hinterland towns and cities was probably known to the voters as a sponsor of little league ball teams and paint-up-clean-up weeks.

The Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party in Minnesota is probably as close as unions have come anywhere to establishing political rapport with rural areas. Labor's role in the new Minnesota coalition has been planned on three major levels: education, public relations and political action. The first two provide continuity between campaigns. Major officials of the Federation travel over the entire state a great deal, in the vicinity of 30,000 miles apiece each year. They talk to anyone and everyone, but especially to elected officials and to farmers, "building friendships." As Bob Olson, former AFL president and now AFL-CIO president, puts it, "We cultivate anyone from ditchdiggers to college professors, if they might be friendly to labor."

The "old pro" of the union team, Olson works up to 20 hours a day lobbying during the three months or more of legislative sessions, concentrating on the conservative Senate. Strongly-built executive vice president Robert Hess, just turned 40, lobbies in the liberal House. Both think of themselves as being "the voice of the people in Minnesota" for improved social legislation. They know that they have behind them a continuous program for keeping the state aware of the labor movement and its contributions to the general welfare. That program has been shaped by the differing contributions of Secretary Neil G. Sherburne, young like Hess but with the quiet disposition of a scholar, and of the highly idealistic and more excitable COPE director, Rodney Jacobsen. Together, they have made an effort to reach the schoolrooms and the classrooms of the state through contacts with educators. If it is possible, everyone in the field of education—professors, teachers, preachers, board members, even students—will receive Federation literature. Men and women from organized labor have served on education panels, given speeches to school assemblies, shown movies, and in general turned up whenever and wherever they could. The Minnesota Federation has warm relationships with the University of Minnesota (some citizens call it the University's number-one lobbyist), and union leaders take pride in being asked to address University meetings, to discuss social issues in classrooms and to help in extension and adult education work.

The state AFL-CIO's young and effervescent public relations director, "Jerry" Schaller, enthusiastically keeps after the mass media between as well as during election campaigns and legislative sessions. One result is good newspaper coverage; another, opportunities from time to time to evangelize the gospel of organized labor over radio and television. Mailings include a mixture which tactfully ranges from words about unemployment and workmen's compensation to "Vacations in Minnesota." The program for setting up "Houses of Labor" at county fairs, as well as at the state fair, is well developed.

Minnesota labor leaders obviously reject any strategy of building their politicking around a preoccupation with labor issues in any narrow sense. It's an approach that seems to "pay off" where labor cannot hope to win merely by getting out the vote in the working-class precincts.

Despite their successes (among which are two Senators and a Governor—all of exceptional quality), Minnesota Federation leaders are under no illusion that, as one of them put it, "We are on a one-way greased skid to

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a liberal Garden of Eden." Their very triumphs have stirred up new initiative among the conservative forces in the state, and many rural areas remain strongly Republican—as that party's control of the state Senate testifies. Even in Minnesota, labor leaders would have to agree with an AFL-CIO regional director who says,

> COPE just hasn't gotten off the ground. We operate with about eight or nine different ways of collecting money and half a dozen different expenditure procedures. COPE hasn't had time to get itself regulated and regular, so we've spent money haphazardly in a lot of places.

Nevertheless, labor's achievements in Minnesota make it look like a political Eden to unionists in states like Indiana, where many workers are still unorganized. What labor is organized in Indiana is heterogeneous, and a good part of it is badly organized. There is no clear-cut labor consciousness in the Hoosier state, no matter what the anti-labor papers say. And a good deal of rivalry and bitterness survives between AFL and CIO leaderships. Only on issues that are emphatically *labor,* can the leadership marshal some real labor consciousness—on the "right-to-work" law, supplemental union benefits, the right to strike, or something similar. But in no fashion or form has Indiana labor developed the progressive, broad social consciousness that has acted as a leaven among a wide range of unionists in the more industrial states.

Still, regardless of the obstacles created by rural and small-town attitudes and by differing traditions of political outlook and action in the AFL and the CIO, labor-endorsed candidates in 1958 did win in a number of more rural and normally Republican districts, though economic discontent undoubtedly had more to do with this than organized labor's politicking—and unions can hardly count on the regular availability of pre-election recessions! More such "victories" are essential if labor, confronted by the Southern Democrat-conservative Republican coalition, is to achieve success; for not enough additional Congressional votes can be gained from the urban centers of the highly industrialized states to assure the Congressional majority labor would like.

How Much Involvement?

THE KIND of labor legislation this Congress produces will either confirm or temper the confidence and even jubilation expressed by AFL-CIO leadership after the 1958 elections swept into office so many of the candidates they supported and eliminated the immediate threat of "right-to-work" legislation in the more important industrial states where it had been proposed. In some states, such as Indiana and Ohio, endorsement of Democrats has sometimes involved a half-hearted choosing of "the lesser of two evils," and their performance in Congress may be even less to labor's liking than expected if they decide in retrospect that the unions were riding a groundswell, rather than helping to create it.

The question of how and how much involvement in politics there is to be could come to a head over the issue of trying to influence the selection of delegates to the 1960 national conventions. At the present time the AFL style in legislative work seems to predominate in the national AFL-CIO, while the greater CIO competence in ward and precinct level politicking has set the standard for the merged organization on lower levels. The AFL has preferred to handle legislative problems through top-level actions at national headquarters, while the CIO has worked more through its local units, keeping them informed of developments in Washington and seeking to build up pressures from below on the members of Congress. The mass meeting in Washington to protest unemployment is almost the first CIO-style tactic since the merger.

(HOFFMANN: Regardless of what the two groups may think of one another, recent anti-labor pressures force the AFL and CIO wings of the Federation to work hand-in-glove politically. Hands may be too big and gloves too small, but they will have to work with what they've got. In terms of concentrated effort and action I do not think COPE is working too well. It appears to be an amorphous aggregation of loosely organized units—from headquarters to the local levels.)

(SEIDMAN: American unions are probably weaker politically than those in any other democratic, industrialized country. Images of labor as a political power are distortions derived from looking only at those industrial centers where unions have been most successful. The weakness of union political influence is a serious matter in a society in which more and more issues depend for their resolution on politics.)

(BLOOMBERG: It strikes me as ironic that anti-labor elements in business, industry and finance have practically guaranteed that labor's political strength will increase. The political attacks on unionism through "right-to-work" laws, and the Taft-Hartley Act and the presently pending legislation in Congress have made the acquisition of political strength more precious to many union leaders than the preservation of traditional procedures or the protection of pet projects. Many businessmen have not yet figured out that solidarity among unionized workers is promoted more by opposition than accommodation to the unions.)

(HOFFMANN: But that increasing strength will come only slowly. Labor leaders do not have much *political* control over their constituents and jurisdictions. And the constant attending to fires in the organizational backyard cuts down attending to those in the political front yard—the fires of education, political action and community affairs. Politicking in either the narrow or the broad sense still has a low priority among most American unionists compared to the staples of organized labor—bargaining, administering contracts, settling grievances.)

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BOOKS & COMMENT

The Dour Man

by Robert Graves

THE DISCOVERY of *Dyscolos* ("The Dour Man"), a complete prize-winning play by Menander (of whose work only fragments had hitherto been extant) has roused little excitement, considering that the Greeks once regarded him as their greatest poet—Homer alone excepted. Born in 342 B.C., an admiral's son, a well-known dramatist's nephew, and a boyhood friend of the philosopher Epicurus, Menander was sophisticated, handsome, ambitious. An epigram tells how he visited Demetrius Phalereus, a fellow-Epicurean and for ten years head of the Athenian government: "entering his presence with languid tread and a powerful whiff of perfume." Menander, Philemon, Dilphilus, Philippides and Apollodorus ranked as the five leading "New Comedy" playwrights.

Papyrus Bodmer IV
Menandre: *Le Dyscolos*
(Bibliotheca Bodmeriana; $6)

It was Philemon, Menander's senior by twenty years, who broke the last ties with Aristophanes' "Old Comedy." Aristophanes had caricatured all the most distinguished men of his day, mercilessly mocking at Pericles the warmonger, Cleon the demagogue, the irreligious Sophists (including Euripides), the corrupt city magistrates; yet he escaped punishment, Pericles being shrewd enough to keep this vent of public opinion unstopped.

About 405 B.C., however, Pericles' successors imposed severe censorship on the theatre, and indiscreet political references meant jail. What safe subject of comedy could playwrights thereafter find? They might take off some semi-barbarous foreign potentate who was not sufficiently powerful to make effective diplomatic protest—as in the English 19th Century the Mikado and the Akhond of Swat were considered fair game. Or they might burlesque established classics and popular myths. Or exploit common character types, hoping that voices from the audience would cry delightedly: "There's my mother-in-law and my old pedagogue to the life!" But they resented the cramping of their style. Seventy years went by before the censorship laws were cheerfully accepted as stage conventions.

Philemon first formalized these character types. Apuleius wrote approvingly:

> You find in Philemon's works the perjured pimp, the impassioned lover, the cunning slave, the wheedling mistress, the domineering wife, the indulgent mother, the explosive uncle, the helpful friend, the boastful soldier; also greedy parasites, close-fisted parents and shameless harlots.

Ninety-seven plays by Philemon are recorded, a high percentage of which won the annual City wreath. None survive. A hundred and four of Menander's plays were staged, but to his disgust won no more than eight wreaths. He once asked Philemon—a Cilician adventurer, and suspected of bribing the judges!—whether he did not blush to be crowned at the expense of a genius like himself. The famous courtesan Glyphera amused herself by embittering their rivalry.

Meanwhile one Theophrastus had written a compendium of "Ethical Characters," described in richly circumstantial detail; and Menander needed only to provide comic plots for their interaction. Yet however emancipated a playwright's life, he might stage nothing in the nature of bedroom farce that would offend a chaste Athenian matron with marriageable daughters. Also, problem plays, or fantasies of the sort invented by Aristophanes, would be far above the heads of his audience. There remained straightforward, light modern comedy, centering on the deathless themes of love and money; into which smut or personal satire could not infiltrate unless through *hyponoea* (innuendo and *double entendre*) or unauthorized silent "business" on the part of some privileged buffoon.

Menander thought Philemon too literary a dramatist. Since the Athenians queued up whenever he read a new play aloud, he seems to have been a prototype of Dickens, whose stage-plays did not provide such good theatre as his dramatic recitations. Menander aimed at verbal slickness, and put effective slapstick before rhetoric. In the course of the next hundred years, stock companies took his plays to every city where Greek was spoken. Also, the Romans Plautus and Terence adapted or plagiarized him. Through them he ended as the father of the English Morality Play, of the Punch and Judy show, and of Classical comedy.

YET mere laughter at his jokes dissatisfied Menander. He wished to earn a household name for proverbial wisdom, and some schoolmaster eventually collected "Menander's Moral Monostiches" in a text-book, from which many of them entered the *Dictionary of Familiar Quotations*: such as "Friendship implies common property," and "Evil communications corrupt good manners," (quoted by St. Paul from Menander's *Thaïs*). He specialized in phrases of condolence for deserted lovers or bereaved parents: among them "Whom the gods love die young"—but Menander himself, at the age of 52, ventured out of his depth while bathing in Peiraeus Harbour, and the appropriate monitory maxim went down with him.

The text of Menander's *Dyscolos* has been published by *La Bibliothèque Bodmer* of Geneva, with Professor Victor Martin's scholarly notes, a facsimile of the entire papyrus (*P. Bodmer IV*), and competent French and German render-

Summer Schedule

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ings. There is also an English version* from which (as a dreadful warning against the academic colloquial style) let me quote the following dialogue between Getas the slave, Sicon the Cook, and Cnemon the Dour Man:

GETAS (Banging on the door): Hallo there, hey, fellows! I am calling, come on, hi! (Aside) Gosh, I'm fagged out! Come on out, lackeys!
CNEMON: I can't bear any more . . . What do you want?
SICON: I ask you for cooking pots and a bowl. You have some, you have some, in very truth! (*Redoubles his knocks*).
CNEMON: Hapless man that I am, how have I been brought out here? You caitiff, may all the gods make you perish miserably!
SICON: I should like a bronze mixing bowl. You've got one, I know you've got one, little father!
CNEMON: That Simike, I'll kill her!

Dyscolos is recorded to have won the wreath in 317 B.C., Menander then being twenty-five years old. Professor Martin writes:

The place and the circumstances on which this early third-century papyrus was found are unfortunately unknown, as is nearly always the case when pieces of this kind are acquired in the market of antiquities. . . .

In other words, workers probably stole it from an Egyptian dig. The scribe's carelessness has demanded a deal of skillful emendation; so have various lacunae due to damaged margins.

BY WAY of Prologue, Pan emerges from a grotto which lies between two houses, and tells the audience about the main characters:

Consider this place to be Phyle in Attica. . . . The domain on my right is where Cnemon dwells. . . . He has always detested a crowd—did I say a crowd?—and in the course of his already long life he has never pronounced a single kind word, nor has he been the first to speak to anybody except by sheer necessity, or when he passes before me, Pan. And even that he promptly regrets: as I well know. And yet, with such a character, he married a young widow, whose husband had left her with an infant boy. Bickering with her under the yoke of marriage . . . he lived miserably. A baby girl was born to him. The conflict became unbearable, and the wife returned to the home of her son, issue of the first marriage. The latter owns a small property here where he poorly maintains himself, his mother and a faithful slave inherited from his father. The son is now grown to a youth who has discernment beyond his age; for the experience of hardship matures us. The old man lives alone with his daughter and an aged woman servant, carrying wood, for ever digging, toiling, hating everybody all around. . . . The maiden has always been left to her own innocent devices: she knows no evil. . . . A young man, son of a very rich father who cultivates prosperous lands in the district, but he himself a man of town, came here hunting with a friend and saw the girl. I sent him madly in love with her. That is the main point.

A bad start. Pan says nothing that could not have been developed by later dialogue between the various persons mentioned, whom the audience has difficulty in identifying when they appear. Also, he is a "throwaway" character; though his worshippers, the chorus, choose the Pyle grotto as a scene for their outing, we never see him again.

Dyscolos recalls all the home-made plays ever performed in Church halls and made amusing only by the incompetence and heroism of their amateur casts. Change the sacrifice at Pan's grotto to a Vicarage picnic and, there you are! Cnemon, a small farmer, keeps himself to himself. A rich squire's son falls chastely in love with Myrrhine, the innocent daughter, to whom he has never been introduced, and sends Cnemon, whom he has never met, a letter offering marriage. The messenger having been rightly chased away with a shower of clods and a pitchfork, the squire's son seeks help from Myrrhine's half-brother. To deceive Cnemon into thinking that he is no city idler but an honest laborer, the squire's son agrees to handle a hoe for the half-brother:

If the girl had indeed not been subject to lessons from an aunt or nurse, knows nothing of the ugly side of life, but has grown up without too much supervision under a rustic father who hates evil, how could it be other than a blessing to win her? But this hoe weighs two hundredweight! It will be the death of me!

Since the half-brother and his step-father Cnemon never even bid each other good morning, the strategem of course fails.

After antagonizing all the picnickers by refusing to lend their cook a stew-pot, Cnemon accidentally falls down his own well. Myrrhine is dazed with grief—"a voice from inside: 'Oh, how terrible! He will drown! Save my darling father!' "—but the unkind picnickers suggest that a large stone should be mercifully dropped on Cnemon's head. The noble step-son, however, leaps in and rescues him—rather hindered than helped by the squire's son, at the well-head, who is so busy embracing Myrrhine that he lets go the rope three times. Cnemon thereupon undergoes a change of heart, recalls his wife—"Fetch your mother, my boy; it seems that one learns most from adversity!"—adopts his rescuer, marries Myrrhine to the squire's son, and even dances in Pan's honour.

Moral platitudes load the air: "Enrich the needy and lay up an imperishable treasure for your days of need!"—"Self-praise is no recommendation!"—"a true friend is better than buried treasure!" But all decent people will have sympathized with the unreformed Dour Man. If he did not like being tricked by squires' sons and mocked by rowdy slaves, if he preferred Diogenes to Epicurus, if he worked his farm alone except for his affectionate daughter, whose earthly business was that?

ONE strange dramatic defect: Myrrhine, though necessary to the plot, appears only in the last scene but one, and then remains mute. Even the well-head incident is described instead of acted. And why? Because under Athenian law all women characters were played by boys or men; and handsome boys could not star in romantic parts, laying bare their love-lorn hearts, lest they provoked improper homosexual interest. The Elizabethan dramatists were hampered by a similar political censorship; but fortunately by a less repressive moral one—otherwise Romeo would have had no Juliet and Anthony no Cleopatra.

In fact, though neither this play, nor the large fragments, found in 1905, of *The Arbitrants, The Girl from Samos* or *The Short-Haired Lass* stir much regret for the loss of Menander's other works, we should blame his age, not himself; and be satisfied at last that ten complete comedies of Aristophanes survive. Their humor may demand copious annotation, but they are still alive and real: *Lysistrata* can even play to packed houses.

* Another translation of the play, by Gilbert Highet, appears in the July issue of *Horizon*.

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Education for an Elite

by T. J. Ross

IN HIS NEW BOOK, Professor Barzun is concerned with the degeneration of art into artiness, science into scientism, and the all-American reverence of Philanthropy into a promiscuous "loving-kindness" of the sort which tends to boomerang on the golden-hearted lover with ill effects to both him and the objects of his indulgences. We ought, Barzun maintains, to stop being "sentimental" about the realities of culture; if we want a vital cultural tradition we must recognize that it is drawn from, and nourished within, the self-contained stronghold of a middle-class elite, accustomed from birth to the properties and responsibilities of the intellectual life. Barzun reinforces his points about the ravages of Art, Science and Philanthropy on the House of Intellect by scores of anecdotes drawn from such sources as businessmen, whom he refers to, charmingly, as "traders"; fellow inmates of his Big House; Harold Nicolson; and *The New York Times*. In a word, the House of Intellect is a bourgeois property and it is the purpose of this book to see that it says that way.

The House of Intellect
by Jacques Barzun
(Harper; $4.50)

Professor Barzun feels that the middle-class elite has been unduly defensive under attacks by, among others, witless Educationists and cranky novelists. The latter, he claims, are especially responsible for engendering that sense of "loathing" and self-hatred which is endemic among middle-class intellectuals and which tends to enervate their powers. But Professor Barzun fails to ask himself, or his readers, if it is the novelist who has created such nightmares as Dachau or Hiroshima or the Cold War; or whether the novelist's crankiness might not derive from what he saw coming, and is now, like all the rest of us, living through? Not once does Barzun refer to the actual political horrors —and issues—of our time, though he continually mentions the word "politics" in a blithely abstract way, as if he were talking about a picnic on the green.

So, too, his attacks on the idiocies of the Educationists and our tax-free foundations fail to distribute responsibility fairly. He never asks what failures within the Big House itself have tended to allow the Educationist racketeers so easily to take over the educating of the young, lock stock and board room. His aimless strictures are reminiscent of the yowlings about gangsterism in the twenties; it did not occur to those who hollered most that the central cause of the rampage stemmed from a Prohibition of their own devising. The Prohibition, in turn, stemmed from half-baked notions among the elite about what sort of fare was, and was not, proper for the "masses"; about what the "masses" could, and could not, imbibe.

I am not the first to notice Barzun's tendency to fall between two stools in an effort to straddle both. Reviewing his *The Energies of Art*, F. R. Leavis noted, among other strange yokings, Barzun's couplings of Baudelaire and Dylan Thomas as two typical "accursed" poets. This made Leavis shudder: "A French-born critic, inward with both languages, who can do *that* with Baudelaire is a portent." Leavis fretted, too, about Barzun's sense of history, which is just what I began fretting about as I read his views of Intellect. Leavis concluded:

> What Mr. Barzun means by "history," he is explicitly illustrating in his essays, and I can only say that it seems to me to be neither a discipline, nor in its relation to criticism, anything but an enemy.

Leavis then goes on to express bemused surprise at the similarities he detects between Columbia University's Morningside Heights and Bloomsbury. Indeed, what Barzun offers as a "House of Intellect" in exactly what Bloomsbury would have taken as a "House of Sensibility." Thus, Barzun defines Intellect (his capital; when I use the word in its proper etymological sense it shall be in the lower case) as "a product of social effort and an acquirement."

More than a hundred pages later, the inescapable implication of this snap shot is presented rather skittishly, as "the fact that there may be a relation between Intellect and ancestry," and then Professor Barzun goes on to "bell the cat." Belling the cat brings us to the really main concern of his book, Philanthropy, a term which, as he soon makes clear, is his euphemism for Class. I am glad that this central issue in education has been belled, and I strongly hope that it will go on ringing loud and clear. Here is the first tinkle:

> There is no mystery about it: the child who is familiar with books, ideas, conversation—the ways and means of the intellectual life — before he begins school, indeed, before he begins consciously to think, has a marked advantage. He is at home in the House of Intellect just as the stableboy is at home among horses or the child of actors on the stage. Medical schools recognize this truth when they give preference to applicants who are children of physicians.

Without pausing to meditate about what happens when stableboys decide to leave home; or to envision the prospects for acting if Method actors establish a dynasty of Method-ists; or to re-open the still raw question of admissions quotas in medical schools; or to remark upon the dubious maneuverings of the American Medical Association, let us pay heed to the conclusion Barzun draws from his insight (one of the few conclusions about anything in his whole fogbound House):

> If we remember . . . how frequently talent is born into families with developed intellectual interests, it is at once obvious that the children of such families should be given a preference. Their "need" is of a different order from that of the ordinary good student. Besides, such families are doubtless more prosperous than the average, they have more expensive tastes, and they will want to send not one, but all their children, to college. And it should be to one of the best colleges.

BUT whoever said that they haven't been doing that all along? There was only one period in American history when lower-class intellect crashed the Ivy League's gates in any numbers and this occurred at the end of the Second World War as a result directly—and solely—of FDR's GI Bill. Even in this instance the break-through was mainly by way of the Graduate Schools, where the war between lower-class intellect and the rear guard of the Big House has ever since

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been raging round a Program which Barzun himself, years ago, referred to as the "PhD Octopus."

The ratio between products of $10,000-a-year income families and $4,000-a-year income families in the Ivy League is totally incommensurate to the potential intellect available at either level. A check of admissions records at any Ivy League school will show that the chances of admission of a $4,000 a year intellect are, and always have been, about a thousand to one. Only if the Ivy League school has a Teachers College adjunct, as Harvard and Columbia do, will you find any number of either students or teachers from lower income groups. It is the Teachers Colleges, the State Universities, the Community and Junior Colleges, the Secretarial Schools, the Business and Fashion Institutes, the denominational schools and the small, provincial colleges "in the process of expanding and growing," as their officials say, which house our lower-class, lower-case intellect. They always have. And as the state universities and provincial colleges draw more and more of the Ivy League rejects, lower-class intellect is crowded more and more into the worst of the lower level institutions. If there is any pining to be done it is for the enormous waste of potential intellect which goes down in defeat in our educational outhouses.

To turn our glance back to the Big House let us take note of what sort of product it has, in fact, been fostering. This will require my indulging in Barzun's Method and regaling you with a couple of anecdotes which may symbolize intellect in action, footloose and fancy free. Here is a conversation which took place many years ago between such an Intellect and me on the subway platform of 116 St. and Broadway; the former had just leaped through his last PhD hoop with flying colors after having sat for seven years in a cubicle at Columbia; he was graying at the temples, but he thought he had pulled a fast one in getting through, for, as he explained:

"I took the 18th Century without reading a single novel."

"You missed a good time."

"I don't need those novels. I'm an Idea man."

"Good for you."

"Do you know that I've read all of the *Divine Comedy*, by Dante, nine times?"

"Nine? Isn't nine a mystical number?"

"You're right. I never thought of that. *Of course!*"

Inspired, he went home to put another Vivaldi on the hi-fi.

This all-round Intellect comes from a long line of cultivated ancestors, and is an Ivy League product. He has had several grants and Fulbrights in order to broaden his vistas. He teaches the Great Ideas of Our Western Heritage at a Western University. His father is a doughty professional man and he himself is married to a department store. His parents admire J. D. Salinger and J. G. Cozzens; they attend the lectures of John Mason Brown and watch *Omnibus*.

Now let's turn to someone with an even swankier ancestry. I cull a few credentials from a barge-load which were

LOSS

THE needle slipped so shyly in, the yelp
was fear alone—at least no cry for help.
The hands of friends were there to ease the point
that drove the aching venom from his joints,
excused his heart from wagging, stilled his breath,
and set him on the foxy scent of death.

(We built a pirate house among the trees
and used to drag him up where he could see
the world. One day we let him fall.
Why did he trust us after that at all?)

His eyes had hardly time to be betrayed,
and only looked an anxious kind of glaze,
asking if some things could not be lost
that would be hard to find at any cost.
Skilled fingers snapped—"Like that!"—and they were right—
the dog was six o'clock, the dog was night.

(In winter-time, we used to run the drifts—
I, thrashing sidewise, rolling to the hips,
and he, a diver sinking tail from sight
and bounding up his whiskers frothed with white.)

My mother said all this. Too old to cry
I sold the mercy trust to save my pride,
and saw from bedroom windows flowing down
the four stiff feet, the head that touched the ground—
or seemed to touch so limply yawned the neck
that held the banner head so bright erect.
An old truck drove our twenty years away.
My bedroom saw too much of me that day.

(Whipped for flower pots or soaking feet,
I used to lie beside him in his sleep
and sing "Nobody Knows" into his ears
until he licked my face to save the tears.)

I heard my mother climb the stairs and shut
her bedroom door—too softly. And gathering up
my seas, I went and found her in the glass,
her face all cracked to pieces with the past.
I placed my fingers, drift wood, on her shoulders,
and in the dresser mirror stood a stranger.

(He grew irascible at last and human,
and mongered favors like a politician.)

Since then I have been home so many times
and every trip the mirror grows more blind.
I wish we could have laid him with a cross
in our backyard—to set some bound to loss.

PAUL PETRIE

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heaped on my head ages ago, without warrant, for I had made no inquiries. She was a Phi Beta Kappa from a top Women's College, doing post-graduate work in medieval literature to prepare herself for teaching or a job with *Time*. She was the daughter of a surgeon; her religious connection was high caste; she had seen every cathedral in Europe, twice; she grew up surrounded by books, paintings, musicological items, and psychiatrists; as a child she had been driven daily to kindergarten in a chauffered limousine.

When I assured her that I too had been spoiled as a child, she was immensely relieved and one day we found ourselves on Riverside Drive with her copy of *Ulysses* between us. She opened the volume to show me the notes which, as a trained acquisitor, she had acquired in class that day. On the top margin of one page she'd written: "This is a transitional passage"; on another page, "This is a comic passage"; on another, "This is a symbolic passage." Before getting up from the grass and walking away, I wrote, on the top margin of another page, which I selected, "This is a dirty passage."

Milady Phi Beta is now wed to a person of her class and caste, who teaches at the school where she got her key. She has been groomed to teach beside him as an integral part of a teaching team (such teams are presently proliferating throughout the land as little trailer-houses of Intellect) and, I'm sure, she goes about the task of teaching people like herself enthusiastically and devotedly.

BARZUN himself has noted how much the sort of culture I've just sketched is worth, when he wrote, in *God's Country and Mine:*

> The hairline difference between having a trained mind and intellectualizing everything into a game is the last thing that can be taught. It can hardly be explained and usually can't even be mentioned without offense.

How can anyone who put that so well fail to have noticed that such intellectualizing is precisely a *class* game? True, if Little Miss Proletariat gets her chance to enter one of the better schools, she devotes nearly all of her energies to emulating the games of Milady Phi Beta, but, she does so in order to be able to "pass" in the lady's class so that she too may have her chance to snag one of the cushy jobs; which is one of the reasons why students in college devote themselves fiendishly to picking up the tricks of the "casual" stance. They think, mistakenly, that this is the style which Milady Phi Beta will most "tolerate."

REFERRING to Intellect as it applies to the ideal diplomat, Barzun remarks that it "requires an awareness of others' minds, which is one of the chief attributes of the prose writer." Surely he describes here a habit of mind which is typical of a lower-class intellect whose very survival, every inch of its long journey, depends on its "awareness of others' minds." In fun, if one wants to engage in a metaphysics about Intellect and where it comes from one could make as good a case for the "lucky" $4,000-and-under a year level, as the "unlucky" $10,000-and-over a year level.

Not that I intend to make that case, for I think that a metaphysics in this sphere serves only to expose the aches and pains of the speculator. I wish only to emphasize that all we can safely say about intellect is that, like art or death, it happens.

It would be helpful, however, to find the source of an attitude which insists that intellect is a quality peculiarly innate to the bourgeois temperament.

In the *House of Intellect*, our chief clue lies in the distinction Barzun draws between Intellect and life. "Intellect," we are warned, "is a fair-weather friend. . . . Whereas life [note the lower case] is immediate and convinces by throbbing in your veins or panting in your face." (I can't recall any aspect of life ever panting in my face; nor do I recall that any human being has ever stood before me and throbbed.) This distinction is then followed by a reference to "the grating touch and voice of multitudinousness."

That the distinction between panting life and high-toned Intellect has been drawn on class lines becomes clearer as we recall other irritated bourgeois scholars who have drawn similar distinctions and similar conclusions. In his *The Idea of a Christian Society* and *Notes Toward a Definition of Culture*, T. S. Eliot told us who properly belongs in an intellectual elite, and he drew his dogmatic distinctions along ethnic as well as class lines. Another product of the "right" sort of background is Edmund Wilson, who concludes his *Piece of My Mind* with a piece of spitefulness in which he urges that we establish breeding houses where well-read well-breds may meet intelligently to propagate their own kind. This, Wilson insists, is the answer to *Life* magazine. To reinforce his point he mentions approvingly Communist and Fascist experiments in good breeding and pleads that we not be "sentimental" in hesitating to follow suit. But what in the world *have* the experiments he praises led to? I don't see any glorious samples of those experiments floating about. If one wants to play this game why stop, "sentimentally," at breeding houses? What of the quality of the act whereby all of us various breeds are conceived? Does it matter whether the act is engaged in as a pleasure or a duty by one or another of the breeding parties? Can we establish a viable statistics on this interesting question?

I AM WORRIED about this sort of crank speculation which is now snow-balling among our intellectual elite; it chimes right in with contemporary prayers being offered by clerical scholars and critics for the revival of a "landed aristocracy" in America. All such speculations and prayers give me a chill.

Not only chilling, but whoppingly breath-taking are phrases like "the brotherhood of the humble transplanted from Europe" which one finds in Barzun's book. Any son of France who, in 1958, can write about "the transplanted" (hideous term) as being either "humble" or a "brotherhood" is, I submit, sentimentalizing in a most vulgar manner. And it is enough to raise the hair on one's scalp when one turns the page to read that the offspring of such transplants should be sent, forthwith, to vocational schools! How empty of any understanding of contemporary experience or contemporary feeling. How short of that "vision" which would recognize, without quibbling or tittering, that what our educational process desperately needs is a New Deal, a radical revision from top to bottom, so that it may be raised to a level equal to the vitalities, the needs, and the intellects of an open society.

The *House of Intellect* represents the closed book of a past age; and one which wasn't very golden to begin with.

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The Case for the Blob

by Gordon Merrick

THE GREEKS, who are our earliest models in the field, believed that the only suitable subjects for imaginative writers were princes and heroes, the superior, the extraordinary beings. It has taken us over 2500 years to reach the opposite pole, to be asked to concern ourselves in fiction with the blob, the subhuman, the almost-animal man. For evidence that genuine literature can be wrought from such material, you couldn't do better than to take a careful look at *The Charcoal Horse* by Edward Loomis.

The Charcoal Horse
by Edward Loomis
(Swallow; $3)

At first glance, it is very unpromising material. Loomis' principal character (we'll have to discard that old word hero) is an inmate of an Army prison. His chief characteristic is a certain low cunning, a knack for survival. Otherwise he is an almost complete cipher, responding only to immediate instinctive impulses generated by fear or hunger or some other form of physical discomfort. His name is Gillespie. The only other character of importance, Osgood, is also a prisoner and equally inarticulate, although he gives signs of a harsh proud independence which suggests some moral awareness.

Here then is the story. A rude drawing of a horse with an inscription derogatory to one of the prison's officers is discovered on a barracks wall the day after Osgood's arrival. The prison authorities are determined to find the artist, which plunges the compound into an atmosphere of tension. Immediately thereafter, on a routine work detail, Gillespie accidentally smashes, in Osgood's presence, a framed photograph belonging to the prison's commanding officer. Instead of reporting the accident as Osgood urges him to do, Gillespie hides the evidence. In a subsequent interrogation concerning the horse drawing, Gillespie's uneasiness about the photograph causes him to make a slip which focuses suspicion on him as the author of the drawing. Gillespie's clumsy attempts to extricate himself implicate Osgood. The interrogators resort to brutal methods to get at the truth. Osgood kills one of his tormentors and must in turn suffer the death penalty. For a fleeting moment, Gillespie perceives his responsibility for the death of two men, but since he has done nothing for which a commensurate retribution can be exacted, since he is denied any expiation of the guilt he briefly feels, we leave him as we found him, "neither awake nor asleep."

As can be seen even from this brief outline, significant moral issues are involved. Is it just for Osgood to be punished for what is essentially Gillespie's crime? Aren't all of us who practise small evasions and dishonesties just as guilty as the acknowledged criminal? It is Loomis' concern for such questions that distinguishes him from the general run of new post-war writers, particularly the Beat, as well as from many of his pre-war elders, but some consideration of his method is necessary to take his full measure as a writer.

Whether consciously or not, Loomis is working along lines laid out by the French exponents of aliterature, or non-literature, Serrault and Robbes-Grillet among others. He tells his story largely from the outside, in terms of gesture and movement. As several French critics have pointed out, it is the technique of the film. We never know where the prison is and are given only the sketchiest clue as to why Gillespie and Osgood are there. We are told nothing about their pasts. Although speech patterns and physical detail make it plain that the time is the present, period has no interior significance. The similarity to Kafka, from whom the new French school stems, is worth noting only to point out the difference. Whereas Kafka was expressing a very personal reality through a ghastly fantasy, here the effect is of a hard immediate reality objectively created out of the elements imposed by the material and rigorously limited to them. The Kafkaesque quality of nightmare is a by-product, the nightmare quality we would feel in taking part in some dramatic incident without being in any way involved in it.

By its own terms, the method achieves its greatest effect in scenes of violent action and the final passages of interrogation in *The Charcoal Horse* are superb.

There are, however, enormous difficulties inherent in the method and the critic is bound to point out that Loomis has not always overcome them successfully. Knowing so little about the principals involved, the reader is apt to resist any deep concern for their dilemma. Gillespie's brutishness makes the questions of justice and expiation raised by Loomis seem almost tacked on, out of proportion to the character's stature as a man, and the author is obliged to bring in the commanding officer at the end to make a speech, effective enough in itself, pointing out the moral.

Loomis' mastery of his techniques falters in other lesser ways. There are references, for instance, to London and to the fact that the prisoners sleep on the floor in what is apparently a thoroughly American context. One feels entitled to further explanations.

ONCE NOTED, these reservations can in no way diminish Loomis' achievement. *The Charcoal Horse* is a short book, just 124 pages, which makes its impact all the more extraordinary. Fast readers should be warned to slow down. Loomis' prose is perfectly suited to his purpose, taut and highly charged. There is no straining for effect, no decoration. One feels no impulse to quote.

It is standard procedure to say of a new writer that he is worth watching. In this case, the words should be taken to imply an intense curiosity. There can be no doubt that Loomis has struck a new vein. It will be intensely interesting to see how he can develop it. Although *The Charcoal Horse* is a work of art in the fullest sense of the term, I find it impossible not to append the word "minor" for the reasons noted. Loomis has the moral sensibility, as well as the artistic, to do major work. If the trapped and speechless multitudes are to remain his subject matter, he has still to find ways of making them support more fully the breadth and originality of his imagination.

Notes on Contributors

ROBERT GRAVES has just completed a new translation of *The Iliad*, which will be published next fall. T. J. ROSS is on the faculty of Wayne State University. GORDON MERRICK's newest novel is *The Hot Season*.

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MOVIES

Two Preminger Premieres

OCCASIONALLY the accidents of distribution bring us, simultaneously, two pictures by one director. On view now are Otto Preminger's two latest works.

The first, *Anatomy of a Murder*—also produced by him—is a film transcription of Robert Traver's popular novel, which is a cruder version of Cozzens' *The Just and the Unjust*. The fascination of the courtroom as a setting for fiction and drama is second only to that of the hospital. Preminger (whose father, incidentally, was the Viennese equivalent of a district attorney) made much of this movie in a northern Michigan courtroom, and the result is as veristic as any film trial you have ever seen.

Anatomy of a Murder
(Columbia)
Porgy and Bess
(Columbia)

The interest of the picture, which is not unlimited, lies principally in its exploration of the professionalism of the law. It does not deal with concepts of justice or with large theory but with the daily operations of lawyers: how they prepare, argue, question, and maneuver. As a study in trial practice, the film is markedly satisfactory—so much so that it re-raises the old question that always plagues laymen no matter how often it is explained. How can a lawyer defend a man of whose innocence he is not convinced?

The answer, of course, is that—unless the client demonstrably lies to his lawyer—his attorney may not prejudge him: that every man who claims to be innocent has a right to be tried and therefore a right to a lawyer. Does the surgeon judge the owner of the inflamed appendix? asks the bar.

(No, the curious layman persists, but the surgeon isn't called on to prove that the appendix was never inflamed.)

Still, there is no just alternative to present practice, of which this film is a lucid treatment.

As a producer, Preminger has a preference for the controversial issue, usually of a sensational nature: drug addiction *(The Man with the Golden Arm)*, sexual propriety *(The Moon Is Blue)*, variations on a triangle *(Bonjour Tristesse)*. This new film is concerned not only with barristers' strategems, not only with murder, but at length and in detail with rape.

In connection with the last, you will hear ideas and specific words that you never expected in an American film—if, indeed, in any at all. They are slightly shocking only because they seem to be used for their shock value. It can be argued that the film was impossible without these details, as was the book once the plot was posited. True enough. But it cannot be argued that the author was forced to choose a murder with a rape element in order to make his essential points or that Preminger was forced to produce this particular film. Both author and producer are, it seems to me, vulnerable to a charge of deliberate sensationalism. This, I hope, you will not construe as a recommendation for censorship (although you will not want to take children to this film). Both author and producer were, happily, free to publish and film what they chose. It is the honesty of their choice that I argue with, not their freedom.

The cast includes the never-varying James Stewart, giving more or less the same sturdy, boyish performance he gave in his very first film: Lee Remick, only sporadically credible as a sexy troublemaker; and Ben Gazzara, appropriately smoldering as the accused.

Chief interest, however, centers in the appearance—one cannot quite say "performance"—of Joseph N. Welch as the judge. Willy-nilly, Mr. Welch affords us an object lesson in the distinction between acting and behaving; for here we have a man already familiar to millions as himself who is called on to play a part and gives us simply more of *himself:* humorous, humane, sage, and thoroughly winning. The script-writer, Wendell Mayes, has tailored the role so that Mr. Welch never has to do or say anything which would not suit the real Mr. Welch, and Preminger has dextrously aided him to eliminate self-consciousness and "be himself." The result is just exactly as if the Welch of the McCarthy hearings or of *Person to Person* had strolled into this movie. We can enjoy his appearance and profit by this unintended illumination of how theatre professionals can seize on, magnify and project a personality; and at the same time we can hope that he never makes another film, lest we ever grow the slightest bit weary of this engaging and archetypal Yankee.

This picture is one of the current breed of mammoths—two and a half hours long. It rarely drags, but it is faintly disappointing at last because it lacks a genuine climax. The effect is of a long case, not the same thing as a long drama.

PRESUMABLY Preminger was engaged to direct *Porgy and Bess* because he made *Carmen Jones*. Through this immense Gershwin film my heart ached for him. The Hammerstein work at least had the virtue of not taking itself seriously. But what can one do in films with opera—or a work that claims to be opera? The answer, made yet once more abundantly clear, is: nothing.

The musical comedy is one of the most comfortable film forms because it is one long wink; characters sing and dance and mate and part arbitrarily because it is all one big mutual pretense. But opera, brought up large and open-mouthed, begs to be excused: struggles frantically to escape back into the theatre where it belongs. The greatest film director would be baffled by it—in fact, would probably never consent to do it; and Preminger's stupefaction is evident in almost every scene. His fight against the work's essential immobility is lost in the first ten minutes.

If you compound the basic incongruence of the forms with a score ranging from good popular songs to hollow grandiosity, all of which claims to be serious music: if, further, you bathe your film in patronizing postcard color; if the dialogue sounds like a first-draft script that has been rescued from the wastebasket by mistake: and if all this is wrapped in a pontifical aura, the result is bound to be a stodgy bore.

The talented Sidney Poitier tries manfully to give the affair reality, assisted, less successfully, by Dorothy Dandridge. But any reality they achieve only makes the affair more ridiculous. The height of silliness is attained when they are

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